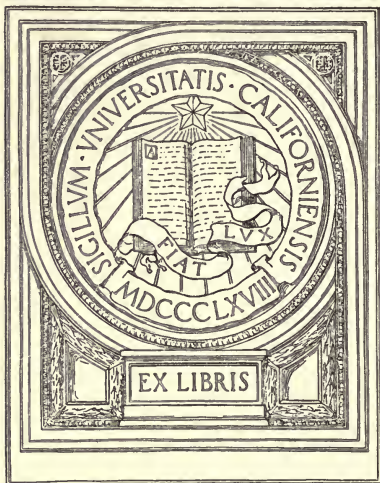




UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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THE CALIFORNIA HUNDRED:

A POEM,

BY J. HENRY ROGERS.

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TO THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
THIS POEM
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THE AUTHOR.

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THE CALIFORNIA HUNDRED.

INTRODUCTION.

MINE humble muse with unfledg'd wing
Now raise thy voice and meekly sing ;
Strike the lone harp, whose untun'd string
Hath made no sound before.

Nerve thy faint heart to sing one song,
To roll one feeble strain along,
Among the gifted ones that throng
Dear California's shore.

Though meek and feeble be thy lay,
Still may thy fairy fingers stray
Over thy harp-strings for a day,
And sing the Hundred's praise.

Often the song of lonely bird,
Whose warbling is but faintly heard,
Touches the heart like gentle word
 We've heard in other days.

If I can make one heart beat high,
One tear-drop glisten in the eye,
Or from one bosom draw a sigh,
 I may not sing in vain.

If my poor song shall cause to wave
One blossom o'er a hero's grave,
I'll cherish long the gift you gave,
 And strike my lyre again.

THE LANDSCAPE.

I.

THE morning sun, with roseate hue
Had ting'd the distant mountain's blue ;
Yet higher, as in space he roll'd,
The Blue Ridge peaks were bath'd in gold ;
Yet higher still, the day-god wheels
His fire-car through the azure fields,

Till wood, and stream, and vale below,
Are bath'd in noonday's burning glow :
But, where the giant pine trees hide
The wild-flowers on the mountain side
From distance seen, the unvarying hue
Is one unbroken ridge of blue.
From Blue Ridge peaks, for many miles,
The landscape in the sunlight smiles.
Although the frost-king's blighting breath
Hath lain the summer-flowers in death ;
Although no fields of waving corn,
In emerald brightness greet the morn,
And traveler's eye may seek in vain
The glittering sea of golden grain :
Still, old Virginia's fields are fair,
Her sturdy pine trees still are there,
And smiling in the noonday's sun
Is rippling many a mountain run.
Traitors have torn and scarr'd her breast,
But still, the eagle's on her nest.

II.

The war-bird holds, with talons firm,
The land where blossom'd freedom's germ :
Mother of many a patriot son ;
The land that gave us Washington ;

Cradle of many a gifted mind,
Whose names on hist'ry's page we find ;
Parent of chiefs, of godlike mold,
Whose thunders through the Senate roll'd,
Blasting, with Reason's fiery flood,
The bloom of treason in its bud,
And from the land, roll'd back, afar,
The gath'ring clouds of civil war.
Those giant minds have passed away,
As sinks the sun at close of day,
And on Virginia's bleeding breast,
Her gifted sons have gone to rest. .
They did not die : now in the spheres
Their spirit-eyes are sad with tears,
And love of country draws them still
Around Virginia's vale and hill ;
And often o'er the mountain brow
Is seen their white forms hov'ring now ;
While soldiers, in their nightly round,
Hear phantom footsteps press the ground :
They listen with attentive ear,
And deem the rebels lurking near.

III.

And shall we yield to Southern foes
The land whence Washington arose ?

Shall Treason rest its venom'd head
Beside Columbia's honor'd dead ?
Shall Vernon's sacred mount be lost,
And bright Potomac's waves be toss'd,
One-half upon a land of slaves
And one-half where our banners waves
Free, on the Northern shore ?
From Northern hearts the answer comes,
We hear it in the roll of drums,
We hear it in the heavy tramp
Of legions marching from the camp,
With cannon's deadly roar.
The answer came ; our war-dogs spoke
With breath of flame and sulph'rous smoke,
And from the cannon's fiery mouth,
The iron message travel'd South,
One grand eternal No !
No ; never let Potomac's wave
Divide the freeman from the slave :
Far better let her waters glide
To ocean in a crimson tide
Than yield them to the foe.
We'll fight for ev'ry grain of sand
That glistens in our fatherland ;
We'll strike for ev'ry opening flower
That blossoms in a Southern bower ;

The fire-light of our glitt'ring stars
 Shall melt the captive's prison-bars,
 And freedom give to ev'ry one
 Who claims to be Columbia's son.

THE GATHERING.

IV.

A CALL went forth. From many a hill
 I hear the war-cry echoing still—
 A call upon Columbia's sons
 To leave their homes, and seize their guns,
 And hasten to Potomac's shore
 Where Southern war-clouds darkly low'r.
 There firmly stand by freedom's cause,
 And teach the South respect for laws
 Which she herself had made,
 Ere Treason with its hydra head
 Had laid each patriot feeling dead,
 Which once around her play'd.
 With willing hearts and ready hands
 The North sends forth her warrior bands :
 The schoolman lays his book aside ;
 The new-made husband leaves his bride ;
 The lover says a swift good-by,
 Nor stops the lov'd one's tears to dry ;

The preacher leaves the prayer half said,
And buckles on his trusty blade ;
The statemen's robe, away he threw,
And donn'd the dress of Union blue.
The lawyer now forgets his plea,
Nor thinks again of client's fee ;
The judge forgets the list of crime,
In list'ning to the war-note's chime ;
And bids the culprit use his life
With honor, in the coming strife.
The poet spurns the gray goose-quill,
And hastens where the yeoman drill ;
The blacksmith leaves the horse half-shod,
Old Erin's son throws down the hod ;
The mason calls no more for bricks,
The railroad labor'rs drop their picks ;
The driver of the iron horse
Reins up his steed in middle course ;
And pleasure-seekers leave the cars,
To join the gath'ring ranks of Mars.
The hardy yeoman leaves his farm,
And bears for strife his brawny arm ;
And printers quickly quit their types,
To rally round the stars and stripes—
Leaving behind half-finish'd words,
They buckle on their virgin swords.

The angler baits no more his hook,
 But leaves it dangling in the brook,
 And hastens from its shady banks,
 To join the gath'ring Northern ranks ;
 And half-grown striplings leave their play,
 To join their brothers in the fray.
 And brave old men, though bent with years,
 Spring to the call for volunteers ;
 While sons and daughters plead in vain,
 For grandsires, peaceful, to remain.

V.

“ You are not strong,” a fair girl cried ;
 As nestling by an old man's side,
 She watched him clean the rusty gun,
 His father used at Lexington ;
 “ You are not strong, your locks are gray,
 Have wav'd on many a wintry day,
 And many a summer's burning sun
 Has play'd where time's deep furrows run.
 We've younger men enough to fight,
 And keep our starry banner bright ;
 Then let my grandsire peaceful stay,
 Nor join in age the bloody fray.”
 The old man laid his musket down ;
 His visage wore a passing frown,

And knitted seemed his shaggy brow,
Where placid courage smiled but now.
And war shone in his deep gray eye.
As rising tower'd his form on high,
And stretching forth his bony hand,
He grasped his father's rusty brand,
Then flash'd the weapon o'er his head,
He, turning to his grandchild, said :
“ Daughter, I've seen our banner wave
O'er many a loved one's lonely grave ;
In years gone by, my locks of snow
Ne'er kept me back from Mexico ;
And shall I now sit calmly by
And see our eagle bleeding lie—
Here let my sword in scabbard rust
And see our banner kiss the dust ?
My father saw when first it rose
A terror to our foreign foes ;
And often I have heard him say :
' My boy, there yet will come a day
When those bright stars will look to you,
To keep them in their ether blue.'
That day has come, and I must go ;
I would it were some other foe—
'Tis very hard for friendly years,
To sink at last in blood and tears.

By this good sword my father wore,
I make the oath, my father swore,
I swear by innocence and life,
To thrust me in the coming strife,
And fight for ev'ry silken curl,
That clusters round my bonny girl.
Come, dry those tears ;—a hero's child
Had look'd on war's grim face and smil'd."
And last and hardest yet to draw,
To swell the ranks of civil war,
The broker leaves his golden flocks,
Nor notes the rise nor fall of stocks.
And thus they come from vale and hill,
The Northern army's ranks to fill ;
Each town and village freely gave
Her sons to glory, or a grave.

THE MESSAGE.

VI.

AS POWDER starts when touched by fire,
So flash'd the message o'er the wire ;
And thought, by mind, to lightning press'd,
Speeds onward to the golden West.
It skims the peaks of mountains blue,
Pierces the tangled forest through ;

It leaps the river's tranquil stream,
Nor tarries for the morning's beam ;
It shoots the prairie's bosom o'er,
Nor pauses where the torrents roar ;
It stops not on the giddy ledge
Of some steep precipice's edge,
But leaps at once the darksome glen,
And meets the sunlight quick, and then
Speeds oward in its lofty flight,
This silent messenger of light.
It stops not in that blissful land,
Where saintly Mormon temples stand ;
But o'er Sierra's barrier goes,
Nor tarries where eternal snows
Forever hold their wintry reign—
Where summer's sunshine smiles in vain ;
It lingers not in silver land,
Where rise Nevada's mountains grand ;
But onward holds its lightning way,
O'er flow'ry field and glittering bay,
Through that almost enchanted land—
Where ingots shine amongst the sand—
Where native diamonds flash and quiver,
And stud the banks of many a river ;
Where pearls and gems, of ev'ry dye,
Flash back their beauty to the sky—

In clustering clouds of brightness lay,
 Uncover'd in the face of day ;
 Where herds, upon a thousand hills,
 Are grazing in the noonday sun,
 Or, slake their thirst amongst the rills
 That murm'ring through the valleys run ;
 Where many miles of waving grain
 Are ripening on the fertile plain,
 With groves of oak-trees, in between
 The grain-fields, and the pastures green ;
 Where gardens bloom the whole year round,
 And loaded fruit-trees kiss the ground ;—
 Here flows the red juice from the vine,
 As sweet as on the banks of Rhine ;
 And here the summer-sunset dyes
 Are lovelier than Italia's skies :
 For ne'er did morning sunbeam kiss
 A fairer, lovelier land than this.

VII.

But my fleet messenger ne'er stops
 To view the farmer's ripening crops,
 Nor warm him in the noonday sun,
 Nor rest him by the mountain's run,
 Nor yet beneath the live-oak trees,
 To catch the cooling western breeze ;

But swift and silent o'er the wire,
Speeds on the messenger of fire,
To where Pacific's waves of blue
The Golden Gate are rolling through—
And San Francisco's hills of brown,
Upon the city's streets look down—
And mirror'd in her silver bay,
The hills, the town, and shipping lay.
This carrier needs no opening door,
Nor sounding footstep strikes the floor ;
The keenest eye would fail to view
The opening which he presses through.
Herald unseen, thy task is done !
From here the wires no further run.

VIII.

A few sharp raps are only heard—
The messenger ne'er spoke a word ;
But well the operator knew
A telegram was coming through ;
For he had watch'd, for many a day,
Along the wire the lightning's play,
With ear alert and mind intent,
And eye fix'd on the instrument ;
And well he knew the clicking sound,
In which the telegram is found.

Often to him those rappings bore
Tidings from many a distant shore.
It's curious stories sometimes told
Of lands and people bought and sold.
It said, with curses deep and low,
That torn and bleeding Mexico,
Had foreign tyrants on her thrust,
Who trail'd her banner in the dust ;
It told of Erin's hungry howl,
Of British statesmen's sullen growl—
Of premiers borne back to the wall
With cries of " cotton," over all ;
How sweet Eugenia curls her hair,
And fawns upon the Russian Bear ;
Of Rome's disease, whose only hope
Is bayonets for the Pious Pope ;
Of trade and commerce, gold and stocks,
How banks withstood the panic shocks ;
And fashions o'er the wires are whirl'd,
And late news from the sporting world.
And loving words, there sometimes come,
With dying messages to some ;
And blossoms, from the threshold tree,
The lightning often brings to me ;
And softly o'er the iron rods,
Come whisperings of our household gods.

IX.

But now a different message comes ;
It strikes the operator's ear
Like sudden shock of bursting bombs,
Or thunder when the sky is clear.
It said, our brethren of the South
Had trampled on the stripes and stars ;
Had now proclaim'd from cannon's mouth,
The advent of the triple bars.
How South Carolina's wav'ring star
Was gone from freedom's Northern skies,
And spreading southward fast and far,
The withering fire of treason flies ;
How traitors send their delegates
Throughout the neighb'ring cotton States,
And bid them in rebellion rise,
And echo Slavery to the skies ;
To join the Golden Circle's ring,
And teach the North that " Cotton's king."
To keep the bloody oath they swore,
When o'er the North they could not rule,
To drown their country's flag in gore,
And quench the stars in treason's pool.
For they had sworn, for many years,
To sink the land in blood and tears,
Ere Slavery oe'r the Southern plains

Should cease the music of her chains.
There's naught but shackles for the slave ;
No freedom, only in the grave.

X.

The rebel call from mouth to mouth,
Flies swiftly o'er the sunny South,
And gathering fast the rebel crew,
In Freedom's face their banner threw,
And dared the Northern sons of toil,
To meet them on their sacred soil.
The message told how Sumter's walls
Were shattered by the rebel balls ;
How that small band of Northern men,
Fought there like lions in their den.
Each man stood bravely by his gun,
Watching the hero Anderson.
As rock resists the ocean wave,
That hero back defiance gave ;
In answer to the threats of Bragg,
He pointed to his country's flag
And said : " Those glitt'ring stars will shine,
In peace or war, o'er me and mine ;
They fall not in a land of slaves,
Till my few men are in their graves.
They had withstood for many an hour,
That little band the murderous shower

Of shot and shell at Sumter thrown ;
Till food and powder scarce had grown,
And many a rent the iron balls
Had made in Sumter's tottering walls.
Thousands to one throughout the fray,
That little band had held at bay ;
Till hunger, with his iron maw,
On their weak forms began to gnaw,
And gathering rebels faster came,
Wrapping the ruined walls in flame ;
And utmost effort scarce could screen
From gath'ring flames their magazine.
There, wornout men, thro' blood and mire,
With desperate courage fought the fire.
But man's endurance ends at last ;
Yet e're they from the fortress pass'd
They stipulated with the foe,
That they should forth with honor go,
Bearing with them their flag and arms
Far from the treacherous land of palms,
And unmolested wend their way
Northward, beyond where traitors lay
Like serpents, 'mongst the blooming flow'rs,
To sting in unsuspecting hours.
The terms are made, and forth they go,
Turning their proud glance on the foe ;

One last look at the ruin take,
Then from their feet the dust they shake ;
Flinging their banner to the wind,
They leave the vipers' nest behind.

XI.

And now the lightning's task is done,
The startling message written down,
And warlike posters many a one
Are scatter'd through th' excited town.
Then groups of earnest men are seen,
With eager list'ners in between,
In public places of resort,
With utt'rance quick and breathings short,
Discussing the late Eastern news.
Many and various were the views
Presented by this civil strife ;
It shadow'd ev'ry walk in life :
And many a face which yesterday
Look'd smiling as the bloom of May,
Was now with sorrow clouded o'er,
While others indignation wore ;
The timid shook with sudden fear,
The news of civil war to hear ;
While others show'd in ev'ry glance
The patriot war-fires flash and dance ;

And wanderers from the sunny South
Treason proclaim'd with open mouth ;
And many a one with breath of fire,
On Southern traitors hurl'd their ire ;
Others were happy far away
From civil strife and bloody fray ;
They bless'd the land, that intervenes
Between them and war's bloody scenes.
Some hearts could not stand tamely by,
And hear the Eastern battle-cry,
Nor listen to the Southern sneers,
Which daily fell on patriots' ears.
They could not see our glitt'ring stars
O'ershadowed by the triple bars ;
Nor see our eagle fold his wings
While Southern raven hoarsely sings.

XII.

First for his country, in her need
For volunteers, was SEWELL REED.
Long had he watched with heart of flame,
The South traduce Columbia's name :
Boasting, that Northern sons of toil,
Should ne'er profane their sacred soil ;
That five to one, on flood or field,
To Southern blood the North must yield.

No special call to him was made,
Ere he would draw his battle-blade :
The news had scarcely left the wire,
Ere his heart burn'd with patriot fire.
Not as light flames, that die away,
Like bonfires on a festal day :
Nor yet the sunbeam's flick'ring light
That fades before the coming night,
Leaving no ling'ring ray to burn,
That tells us of his quick return.
The fire which burn'd in SEWELL REED,
Was like the floods of Etna freed ;
Or like Vesuvius' grander mount,
When heat her bosom rends asunder,
And rolling from the burning fount
A fiery flood the land sinks under.
Then California's flowery land,
Offer'd the East her golden hand ;
Then in Columbia's lap she pour'd
To aid the war, a glitt'ring hoard ;
She open'd wide her silver vest,
And flowing freely from the West,
A glitt'ring shower of silver rain,
Made music for the long campaign.
Her golden flocks were quickly shorn,
She clipp'd them close from tail to horn,

With glitt'ring weapons fought for peace,
And sent the East a golden fleece.

THE ECHO.

XIII.

THEN bright Pacific's western wave,
To Maine's bleak coast an answer gave :
And rolling eastward o'er each State,
Went echoes from the Golden Gate ;
Telling our friends, that in our mind
Still lives the homes we left behind.
That clust'ring round our heart-strings still
The mem'ries of each vale and hill ;
Fancy oft turns her moist eye back,
O'er life's long, weary, dusty track,
And lingers, with a mournful gaze,
On blighted flowers of other days ;
 And wither'd hopes of by-gone years
Are seen, far down the stream of time ;
 Sleeping upon their sable biers,
While bells of mem'ry sadly chime ;
Yet o'er that melancholy way,
Which points to childhood's happy day,
Some flow'rs we lov'd are still in bloom,
Some golden sunbeams gild the gloom ;

And, mingling with life's chilly blast,
Come gentle zephyrs of the past,
Bearing us on their airy wings
Back, where the heart in rapture springs
To view each well-remembered spot,
The cool green wood, and shady grot.
The clover-fields are blooming still,
Beyond the brook, where stands the mill,
The green hills in the sunlight sleep,
Their sides are dotted white with sheep ;
I hear the pet cow's tinkling bell,
Sound faintly up the rocky dell,
While following close, a gentle train
Is homeward, wending from the plain.
And e'er by strong remembrance strung,
Oft hears the strain the cow-boy sung.
The Indian corn, its silken hair
Of green and gold waves on the air ;
While softly o'er the senses come
From meadow-flow'rs the wild bee's hum ;
The rough stone-wall, the bars half down,
The dear old barn, of dingy brown,
And double doors with noisy swing,
The wooden latch and leather string,
The thrashing-floor, and mow of hay,
Appear as fresh as yesterday.

Behind the barn, my fond eye sees
The apple-orchard's loaded trees,
A generous store the branches hold
Of red and russet, green and gold.
I turn my footsteps back again .
Once more, along the winding lane,
Which leads me by the mossy bank,
Where, at the spring, the cattle drank,
Where oft, beneath the elm-tree's shade,
The long, long summer days I've play'd.
Here, gently rising from the spring,
The path the wanderer's footsteps bring,
Close by where many a scented herb,
Clings fondly round the old well-curb ;
The pole hangs in the forked tree,
Its music sounds the same to me ;
It has the same old creaking tone,
As though no long, long years had flown.
The oaken bucket's mossy side
Still dashes in the crystal tide ;
And, ginging in the summer air,
The same old chain still swings it there.
Still further on, beyond the well,
Oh ! how the waters rise and swell,
And beat against my bosom now,
As standing on the hill's green brow,

I see the pale old poplars rise
Once more before my longing eyes ;
The velvet lawn, and shell-walk wide,
With rows of box-trees either side ;
The lattice-bower is standing still,
Where sung whilom the whipporwil ;
And tendrils of the creeping vines
Its slender frame-work still entwines.
Each vine-flow'r speaks a young heart-story
Then fades like our youth's morning-glory.
With lightsome step I cross the lawn,
I pass the hedge of flow'ring thorn,
My heart beats high with hope elate :
My hand is on the garden-gate,
I swing it back against the pickets
Where currant-bushes grow in thickets ;
Where rows of sun-flow'rs hang their heads,
Smiling o'er the violet-beds ;
And variegated hollyhocks,
Are blooming 'mongst the four-o'clocks.

XIV.

I hear the balmy summer breeze,
Sing softly through the locust trees,
And sounds which have been lost for years,
Flow sweetly back upon mine ears.

Each scene, or sound, once dear to me,
With Fancy's vivid eye I see,
And sleeping 'mongst the climbing roses,
The dear old homestead still reposes.
The rough stone chimney's smoky head
Breathes high above the shingles red,
The pointed gable's dark brown side
And low porch which the roses hide,
The entrance-hall, and white-ash floor,
And old dog sleeping by the door ;
And further on, the eating-room,
Where gather'd master, maid, and groom ;
With simple fare the board is spread
With home-cur'd meat and rich brown bread ;
While sparkling cider freely flow'd,
And brown-bak'd apples brightly glow'd.
There peaceful Plenty fills her horn,
From dewy eve till rosy morn,
And over all her gifts are pour'd,
For all sit equal at the board.
Years have roll'd down the dusky past,
Since I have look'd on earth my last
Fond look, on forms that molder now,
Beneath the weeping-willow's bough.
A few steps from the old play-gound
Rises a little grassy mound,

Where from the flow'rs a small stone peeps
Which says, "Here gentle Emma sleeps."
I see no more, the vision fades,
While back through tears my fancy wades ;
Quench'd is the sunbeam's golden line,
That glimmer'd down the sea of time,
And memory's light of other days,
No more around my visage plays ;
Fond Fancy folds her golden wings,
And leaves me but the soul of things."
Thus, to himself, my hero spoke,
When war's wild message o'er him broke ;
Borne on the Northern bugle blast,
Came rushing memories of the past,
Bidding his warlike spirit come,
And battle for his dear old home ;
For years, before his rosy cheek
Was grac'd by manhood's downy streak,
Adventurous spirit bade him roam,
And seek himself another home.
Here had he dwelt, in peaceful years,
Till civil war burst on his ears ;
He heard its thunders roll and roar,
Along the blue Potomac's shore.
He saw his young companions go
From his old home to meet the foe ;

His mind's eye saw his gray-hair'd sire,
Too old to fight, yet full of fire,
He thinks he hears the old man say :
"Ah ! if my boy was not away,
War's thunder-tones which reach me here,
Would be but music to mine ear.
I then, at least, would have one gun,
To flash for freedom in the sun ;
And in my boy, on glory's plain,
Would live my manhood o'er again."

THE DEPARTURE.

XV.

THEN gentler feelings quickly rise,
While all his soul speaks in his eyes ;
For near, his young wife play'd and smil'd,
Tossing in air their only child ;
And mild-ey'd Peace was shining there,
In every ringlet of her hair.
How could he, with unfalt'ring voice,
Make known to her his bloody choice ?
How could he leave his blooming bride,
And young boy nestling by her side ;
To seek, on glory's bloody field,
The fame which Truth and Valor yield ?

The hour has come ;—with purpose high,
His warlike soul hath cast the die ;
All dear to him is in the stake,
His country calls ; though heartstrings break
And all is lost the heart holds dear,
Brave SEWELL REED will volunteer.
His soul, fix'd firm in Freedom's cause,
He to his side the lov'd one draws,
Folded her slight form to his breast,
Fondly her flowing ringlets press'd ;
Then on her cheek a fond kiss laid,
Where smiles amongst the dimples play'd ;
He said, in low and steady tone,
While deep love in his blue eye shone :
“ Dear heart, when one more little day
Hath roll'd its golden hours away,
The ocean's wild swift rolling waves
Will bear me and my Hundred braves
Far on the road to glory's plain.
If I should ne'er return again—
If, in the coming battle's shock,
Where closing legions reel and rock
And shiver in war's deadly gale,
Like broken fragments of a sail
From lone bark riv'n, as o'er the main
She flies before the hurricane ;—

If I sink in this sea of slaughter,
Remember, thou'rt Columbia's daughter.
Grieve not for me, if my form lies
Bleaching beneath the Southern skies ;
My head will rest as peaceful there,
As though encased in rosewood rare ;
Or some dear comrade there may close
My eyelids in their last repose—
May raise o'er me a little mound,
And plant a rose-tree in the ground,
Whose flowers in blushing sweetness fling
Their fragrance on the breath of spring,
Then breezes from the bloody plain
Shall waft my essence home again ;
And sighing through the lone rose-tree,
Will bear its sweetness back to thee.
I may not fall, but if I must,
So sure as dust returns to dust,
Will my soul's unextinguish'd flame
Flow to the source from whence it came.
Then often, from my ether home,
Will my free spirit gladly roam ;
My soul will watch with love sublime
Thy wand'rings down the stream of time,
Until thy footsteps gently glide
Into death's silent, shoreless tide."

XVI.

The roses fled, her cheeks grew pale,
Her small lips quiver'd at the tale ;
A moment ceas'd the throbbing heart—
Life's crimson current would not start.
She stood as though the chilling breath
From pestilential fields of death,
Had swiftly o'er her being past,
Freezing her spirit in the blast.
'Twas but a moment's thrill of pain,
Which numb'd the sense and chill'd the brain.
It came, and pass'd as quickly by
As wat'ry cloud in April sky.
Then her bright smile flow'd back again,
Like sunshine through the summer rain.
She rais'd her glance to meet his own,
Then in a clear and steady tone,
She answer'd : " I have pledg'd my faith,
Through good or ill, wo, want, or death,
To leave thee never—ne'er to stray
One footstep from thy path away.
Shall I rest in some quiet spot,
While thy dear form must front the shot?
No, SEWELL, no ; I cannot stay—
My heart would wear itself away

In useless throbs against my breast.
When thou'rt away, a wild unrest
Ever pervades my sinking soul,
While through my veins life's currents roll
Sluggish and dull ;—the fire seems gone
That urged the throbbing pulses on.
But near to thee, my heart grows strong,
Its promptings never urge me wrong ;
And now it speaks in love's strong tone—
Dear SEWELL, leave me not alone !
Fear not for me ;—this fragile form
Shall bravely face the coming storm ;
With thee I'll breast the ocean waves,
I'll cheer thee when the tempest raves ;
I'll safely cross the neck of land
Where graves are seen, on either hand,
As thick as hillocks on the plain,
When farmer plants the yellow grain ;
And flying o'er the iron trail,
Forget that death rides on the gale,
Until behind is left afar,
The sickly shores of Panama.
Let me be near thee evermore,
On flood or field, or when the roar
Of war, in all its dread array,
Shall surge around thee ev'ry day ;

While death-shots rattle o'er the plain,
Like frozen show'r of wintry rain.
I'll watch then, my soul's beacon light,
And cheer thee in the changing fight ;
Then, when the doubtful day is o'er,
When clash of arms is heard no more,
With steady step I'll quickly tread,
Where lie the dying and the dead.
Passing amongst the heaps of slain,
That fester on the gory plain,
Fearless, I'll ford the bloody tide,
And nestle by my hero's side.
If wounded, my cheek will not pale ;
I'll spread thy brown locks to the gale,
I'll gently fan thine aching brow—
Smiling as calmly then as now.
Nor friends, nor wealth, nor ease for me,
I'll leave them all to follow thee ;
Nor shall grim war with deadly blast,
One shadow o'er love's sunshine cast.
Its thunder o'er our heads may burst,
It cannot part us do its worst ;
Some sad fate may my heartstrings sever,
But while I live, I'll leave thee—never."

XVII.

With swelling heart, he heard her through,
Then closer to his bosom drew ;
Rested his strong hand on her head,
Then to his young wife smiling said :
“ Dear one, I’ve gather’d from our land
To go with me, a gallant band.
Thousands stood forth, at my request,
To represent the golden West ;
But from each thousand warlike men,
My limit was to choose but ten.
Ten thousand sinewy warriors came,
With nerves of steel and hearts of flame ;
And from their sturdy ranks I took
One hundred men,—each had a look
Of desp’rate courage in his eyes ;
There were no two alike in size—
For tall or short, broad, thick or thin,
Where courage show’d they muster’d in—
And all which shows a sameness there,
His will to do and soul to dare :
They were not measured by their inches,
But by the nerve that never flinches.
And from such desp’rate men as those,
The California Hundred rose :

Each single warrior seems to stand
Himself a host to guard his land.
Now, near the city's southern side,
Our gallant ship rocks on the tide ;
And hard by Rincon's frowning hill
My merry men may rest, until
The earth rolls back the shades of night,
And ushers in the morning light ;
Then, with the beams of early day,
We sail, for glory's field, away.
Dear one, my muster roll is full,
Yet something at my heartstrings pull—
A new recruit is speaking now,
With laughing eye and sunny brow ;
She whispers in my list'ning ear :
' Come, take one female volunteer !'

XVIII.

" 'Tis well, I'll keep thee by my side,
With my brave Hundred thou shalt ride ;
For woman's smile will chase away
The clouds from many a stormy day :
Her angel presence shining where
Dun war-clouds fill the heavy air.
There's nought a warrior would not brave—
He wins for her or finds a grave.

Or while we rest in lonely camp,
When ev'ning dew's are chill and damp,
We'll gather round the red watch-fire,
Then thou wilt softly touch thy lyre,
Pouring thy sweet song on the breeze ;
Then, high amongst the grand old trees,
Will my brave Hundred's chorus ring,
As songs of dear old home we sing.
And now to sleep, fast wanes the night,
We start with early morning's light."

X I X.

Night's solemn shades have roll'd away,
From hill and valley, creek and bay ;
And o'er the landscape's foliage green,
Is cast the daylight's silver sheen.
Eastward, their round heads rising high
In bold relief against the sky,
Old Contra Costa's mountain fringe
Is wove of sunlight's rosy tinge.
But e'er the lesser hills may claim
A spark from day's advancing flame,
" Diablo's " grander mountain takes
The first beam as the morning breaks ;
While all beneath in shadows lie,
His head shines in a golden sky ;

Proudly he rears his frowning head,
High in the valley's lonely bed ;
And while the morning sunbeams play
Around his rocks of iron-gray,
A mellow light the mount enshrouds,
Like landscape hung amongst the clouds—
A fairy spectacle it seems,
Like what we often see in dreams.
Then down Diablo's shaggy sides,
Time in his golden chariot rides ;
His courser hours fly o'er the plain,
While minute drivers hold the rein,
And seconds ply the timely whip,
And first before the minutes skip ;
Westward the coursers hold their way,
And swiftly roll the wheels of day.

X X.

My muse hath slumber'd all too long,
Among the sunlight with her song ;
Too long she dallies with the flowers
That bloom in California's bowers.
But farewell has a solemn sound,
Which time nor distance ne'er can drown ;
And loath is she to say good-by,
To golden land and azure sky.

But time rolls on, tides will not wait,
Wide open stands the Golden Gate ;
And westward, down the glitt'ring bay,
A floating palace holds her way ;
Swiftly she cleaves the yielding tide,
Scatters the white foam from her side,
While from her mast, in ample fold,
Our brave old banner is unroll'd ;
And on her decks a gallant band
Plays " Hail Columbia, happy land !"
A thousand voices join the song,
Rolling the grand old notes along ;
Till from the hills, on either side,
Ring back the echoes o'er the tide.
Then other thousands, on the land,
Cheer loudly the departing band ;
While on the air the shout arose :
" There California's Hundred goes !"
" Good speed," rang in each wild hurrah,
" Good speed the Hundred in the war."
The band now plays another strain,
Its music comes like summer rain ;
It sends a thrill through every soul,
As on the stately numbers roll.
The hardy bosom's heavy sigh,
And tear-drop seen in manly eye,

Speak plainer far than words can tell,
How sad the Hundred's long farewell.
Now fainter sounds the parting lay,
Its fading music seems to say :

“ Good-by dear land of gold and flowers,
Of clear blue sky and sunny hours,
Vainly we'll search earth's broad domain,
We'll look not on thy like again.

And never, on the Hundred's eyes,
Will such a glorious morning rise.”

The last sound on the ear that fell,
As that brave Hundred said farewell,
Came with the music's dying notes

And eastward on a zephyr floats,
Like Sorrow's melancholy sigh :

It was a female heart's good-by ;
Her eye's dark fringe was bath'd in dew,
Back on the breeze a kiss she threw,
Which, falling gently from her hand,
Found resting-place upon the land ;

And ever after, in the spring,
When sunshine forth the flowers bring,
Near old “ Point Lobos' ” rocky dell,
Where her departing kisses fell,
Still blooming in a lonely spot,
Is found one wild For-get-me-not.

THE REVIEW.

XXI.

My muse hath wander'd far away
From where she struck her op'ning lay ;
But now, she eastward turns once more,
To sing along Potomac's shore ;
And o'er Virginia's bleeding plain,
She feebly rolls her humble strain.
Days have roll'd on since civil strife
Had grappled with the Nation's life,
While bloody suns had rose and set,
On desp'rate fields, with slaughter wet :
And war had fearful havoc made,
O'er fertile field and sunny glade ;
And homes, which once a welcome gave,
To every stranger passing by,
Their lords now fill a bloody grave,
While those bright homes in ashes lie.
Far different looks the landscape now,
As seen from Blue Ridge's lofty brow,
From what it seem'd a few months past,
Ere war, with desolating blast,
Had swept in ruin o'er the land,
Feeding grim death with bloody hand.

Now thickly, amongst forest pines,
Which shelter our advancing lines,
Like frost-work, on a ground of green,
Thousands of snowy tents are seen.
There many a banner is unroll'd,
Red, white, and blue, and green and gold ;
Each loyal State her motto shows,
As in the breeze the bunting blows ;
Standards were there, whose strange device
Bore witness of the bloody price
Brave men had paid their flag to hold,
When carnage fierce around them roll'd ;
And exiles from beyond the seas
There flung their pennants to the breeze ;
With willing hearts and ready hand,
They strike for their adopted land.
Old Erin's flag was there unfurl'd,
Its green waves in the sunlight curl'd,
And as each rippling wave unroll'd,
The breeze rang through her harp of gold.

XXII.

There, near the center of the line,
A staff, hewn from a giant pine ;
And firmly planted in the ground,
Which rises in a grassy mound,

Showing its head the pine trees through,
Giving our chiefs extended view
Of wood and fields, for miles away,
'Long which, encamp'd our warriors lay ;
There floating from the flag-staff tall
Waves our brave banner over all.
There mellow sunlight flash'd and play'd,
Dancing along the green arcade,
Gather'd bright smiles from woodland flow'rs
Then spread them o'er the soldiers' bow'rs.
The vast encampment peaceful lay,
For miles along the woody way ;
The white tents in the sunlight glow,
Like hilly landscape cloth'd in snow ;
Or seen from where our Chief had made
His quarters high above the glade,
Where our grand army's standard shines,
Flinging its starlight o'er the lines ;
As view'd from there, an azure hue,
The distance lends the spaces through,
Amongst the tents they seem to lie
Like fleecy clouds in summer sky.
Then, as the morn the mist unroll'd,
And bath'd their pointed tops with gold,
While many a flag was floating there,
In graceful folds upon the air ;

Amazed the stranger well might stand,
Or wonder if some wizard hand
Had wav'd far o'er the wood and plain,
Calling to life the glitt'ring train.
Or deem it but a passing dream,
That fades with morning's early beam.

XXIII.

A sound soon breaks the gazer's spell,
It rings through cavern, rock, and dell ;
Rolls through the camp and o'er the plain,
The deep woods echo back the strain,
As on the air in music floats,
The army's rallying bugle-notes ;
From distant hills the wild refrain
Comes rolling back to camp again ;
And ere the notes have died away
The drums join in the lively lay.
At bugle-blast and beat of drum,
Forth from their tents the warriors come,
From light brigade to pond'rous corps,
From out the shelt'ring woods they pour ;
Then as the heavy columns wheel'd
And form'd in squares upon the field,
The dread artillery's pond'rous train,
Came thund'ring on the open plain :

With foaming bit and eye of flame,
Onward the flying coursers came ;
The fearless riders urge their pace,
The guns in right position place,
Wheel their fleet steeds in full career,
Unhitch, and pass them to the rear.
Again the distant hills resound,
With echoes of the bugle-sound :
Along the lines an answ'ring note
Is roll'd from many a silver throat ;
Then sweeping from the pine-trees' shade,
Like whirlwind o'er the sunny glade,
Or, as the avalanche may slide
In fury down the mountain's side :
Or, when the savage, in his ire,
Hath touch'd the prairie-field with fire,
And wrath rolls on a cloud of flame,
Thus twenty thousand horsemen came :
With head erect and nostril wide,
And arm'd heel pressing at their side,
With ear alert and forward bent,
To catch the sound the bugle sent—
Their long manes floating on the wind,
While dusty billows roll behind.
With ocean-wave's resistless force
Right onward roll'd the corps of horse :

Their riders only draw the rein
When in position on the plain.

XXIV.

Now heavier sounds salute the ear,
The earth shakes as with sudden fear ;
The last, though not the least by far,
But far the greatest arm of war,
A hundred horses' fiery zeal
But slowly turns each heavy wheel—
The strong link in the army's chain—
Come the huge siege-guns' pond'rous train.
The morning's early sunbeams shone,
On grassy fields and mossy stone,
Wand'ring along for miles away,
Their light all unreflected lay ;
Naught meeting in the lonely track,
To fling their golden beauties back.
But when the pine-trees' solemn shade
Had vanish'd from the open glade,
And noonday let her mantle fall
In mellow brightness over all,
The sunlight's glorious robes enfold,
Two hundred thousand warriors bold.
And bristling bayonet, sword, and gun,
Reflected back the midday sun.

X X V.

Now martial music swells the gale,
And ent'ring on the sunny vale,
A gallant troop of horsemen ride ;
Gay trappings deck each courser's side.
Their saddle-cloth of ample fold,
And azure hue, was trimm'd with gold ;
And silver bit and silken rein,
Held arching neck and flowing mane.
The foot in silver stirrups rest,
And golden spur to heel is press'd.
While from the horseman's saddle-bows
A silver-crested eagle rose.
Proudly the steeds their burdens bore,
Blue uniform the riders wore ;
Their epaulets of twisted gold,
The sunlight from their shoulders roll'd ;
Each button show'd the Nation's crest,
A golden eagle on her nest.
Their burnish'd sword with jewel'd hilt,
Repose in scabbards gaily gilt,
Hung sleeping by each warrior's side :
As though their blades were never dy'd
To jewel'd hilt in crimson flood,
And their gold scabbards fill'd with blood.

But peaceful now the cavalcade
Rides o'er the field, on dress parade.

XXVI.

With easy gallop o'er the plain,
The corp's commanders and their train,
Ride on for miles, along the line,
Where groves of bristling bayonets shine.
Review the troops with eagle eye,
Note where the siege-guns sleeping lie ;
Flying artillery's glist'ning park,
From them receiv'd approving mark.
The cavalry are form'd and wheel'd
In evolutions o'er the field ;
Sappers and miners are array'd,
With burnish'd pick and shining spade ;
And gun and mortar, shot and shell,
Receive approving nod 'tis well.
And ev'ry arm the service knows
There brightly in the sunlight glows.
And to the field a radiance gave,
Like sunlight on the green sea wave.
The rank and file their arms present,
With hearty cheers the air is rent ;
While flashing in the golden light
Are twenty thousand sabers bright ;

With nod, and smile, and manly bow,
The grateful chiefs are bending now ;
They answer back the cheering band,
By many a graceful wave of hand.

XXVII.

One form amongst the generals rode
A snow-white charger he bestrode ;
His glov'd hand held a leather rein,
His uniform was blue, but plain—
No twisted knots of golden braid,
Was on his heavy shoulder laid ;
Yet prouder badge than all the rest,
He wore the eagle on his breast ;
Nor brighter eye, nor bolder mien,
Nor manlier form was ever seen ;
His heavy brow and close-cut hair,
(All day he rode uncover'd there ;)
The compress'd lip and massive chin,
Were index of the soul within—
A nobleman from Nature's hand,
He stood the chieftain in command.
Then, as the cheers roll up the glen,
That rise from his devoted men,
High swell'd his breast, for ne'er before
Had man such heavy honors bore.

He turn'd his eyes far down the vale,
And still the sounds swell on the gale,
O'er bank, and bush, and winding stream,
Still, miles on miles of bayonets gleam.
He calls the field-glass to his aid,
To track their windings down the glade.
The army's length the glass defies,
To show where its last column lies.

XXVIII.

As some vast river's winding stream,
Quivers in day's descending beam,
Whose silver waves are crimson-dy'd,
With sunbeams sleeping on the tide—
Each rippling wave a silver nest,
In which day's fading glories rest.
Thus, through the valley's length'ning way,
Potomac's glorious army lay :
The sun, in his descending rays,
Wrapt their stack'd arms in crimson blaze ;
Each bayonet seem'd a gleaming spire,
Where daylight left its fading fire ;
The army, like the river, lay,
Bath'd in the dying flush of day,—
As mighty in its onward course,
As rolling stream's resistless force ;

And woe and ruin dire to them,
Who either tide would seek to stem.

XXIX.

Low in the heavens hung the sun,
The golden day is almost run ;
But daylight needs be thrice its length,
To view one-half the army's strength.
The grand review with day is o'er,
Back to the camp the soldiers pour,
Proud beams the chief's approving eye,
On their long columns sweeping by.
Still brighter glance the chieftain's fling,
And louder, hoofs and sabers ring,
As in the ranks the horsemen wheel'd
Their heavy columns off the field.
"Enough, it is enough," he cried,
"To swell a nation's breast with pride ;
To view but for one little day
The people's strength, in grand array.
And proudly may Columbia sing,
No power can clip her eagle's wing,
Roll her sweet notes of freedom's song,
The vaulted arch of heaven along.
From her sons' hearts the music flies
Back to its home among the skies.

X X X.

“Columbia’s soul had higher birth
Than emanates from sons of earth.
For ages had her spirit slept,
While Superstition slowly crept
Over mankind, till soul and brain
Was fettered by its galling chain ;
Its bloody light for ages shown,
Driving fair Reason from her throne.
Then man’s credulity drank in
The teachings—that to think was sin.
Abject obedience to each fool
Whom Chance plac’d on a gilded stool ;
Bend low the knee where miters shine,
Kings rule by every right divine.
Vile doctrines these ; yet men for years
Have worship’d them thro’ blood and tears.
Men bound by Superstition’s thrall
A gilded scepter sways them all ;
In royal robes Oppression decks
Her knaves : who trample on the necks
Of toiling millions : who for ages till’d
Earth’s fertile bosom, and their coffers fill’d.
Those darksome days are rolling by,
Like storm-clouds from a summer sky.

And northward, from the azure dome,
Where bright-ey'd Freedom has her home,
There comes a form as clear and bright,
And beautiful as morning light ;
That form three colors proudly wore,
She, in her hand, a banner bore,
Whose staff was made of golden rays,
That earliest from the sunlight blaze.
The ground-work of her banner bright,
Was wove alternate red and white,
The white was Purity's attire ;
The red was of celestial fire,
While high above the white and red,
And near the flag-staff's golden head,
Embedded in a field of blue,
Thirteen bright stars their radiance threw
Over the world ; throughout the earth,
Their light proclaim'd Columbia's birth.
Then fetter'd millions turn their eyes
Hopeful along the Northern skies,
Watching, with all their yearning souls,
The land where Freedom's flag unrolls ;
Kings trembled when they saw unfurl'd
The motto—' Freedom to the world ;'
Then tyrants hurl'd their fools and knaves
On Freedom's shore to find their graves.

The British lion's dreadful roar
Made sweet Columbia smile the more—
From earth oppression could not rise,
Columbia's birth was of the skies.
Millions Oppression's fetters broke,
And from their souls threw off the yoke,
Which bound their necks in slavish toil.
Then settled on Columbia's soil,
For years they firmly kept the land,
From bold invader's ruthless hand ;
Nor bow'd the head, nor bent the knee,
To aught save God and liberty.

XXXI.

“ But on our banner now appears
A stain, which darker grows with years,
And freemen must this stain efface,
And no distinction make of race,
Nor name, nor color ; each must hold
His liberty, at price untold.
We, like our patriot sires of yore,
Will bear the flag they nobly bore—
And burning drops of bloody rain
Shall cleanse its folds from slavery's stain.
Columbia peaceful measures tried,
Till Southern lords flung back with pride

And withering scorn her olive branch,
And in defiance bade her launch
Her thunderbolts on Southern ground.
Their slaves were too securely bound,
Body and soul, in their dark minds.
Freedom's sweet voice no echo finds,
And mockingly they bade the North
To send her greasy legions forth ;
They wager'd with a scorn sublime,
To check each soldier with a dime.
Alas for them, their jibes and jeers
Will darkly sink in blood and tears ;
And where the weed of slavery grows,
Freedom shall blossom like the rose."
Then, low the chieftain bow'd his head,
And turning to his generals said :
"I speak not to inspire your zeal,
Your hearts, I know, are true as steel ;
And well we know how just our cause,
We strike to vindicate our laws.
Useless are words, yet when I see,
For miles along the flowery lea,
Our columns rolling o'er the plain,
Like swelling billows o'er the main,
A fiery spirit fills my breast—
Wild thoughts upon the brain are press'd,

Which freely on the air are flung,
Falling unbidden from the tongue."
He waived his hand to claim their grace,
Then spurr'd at easy gallop pace
His snowy charger o'er the plain,
Close follow'd by the gallant train.

XXXII.

Ere they had clear'd the open ground,
A solitary bugle sound
Rang up the glen and through the pines ;
Then northward far beyond the lines
A dark spot on the field appears ;
Then swift as summer cloud careers
Before the gale the blue arch through,
A strange wild troop burst on their view.
The chieftains halted in surprise,
Applied the field-glass to their eyes ;
With wonder viewed the troop of horse,
Who onward hold their headlong course ;
Neither to right nor left they veer,
But straight upon the generals steer.
Then near and nearer as they rode,
The coming troop their standard show'd.
Its silken folds of fleecy white
Waved gaily in the fading light ;

And on its field a pine-tree made
An evergreen and constant shade :
While underneath its boughs of green
A grizzly bear was sleeping seen.
Gayly the glittering flag displays
Its legend to their wondering gaze.
But one was there who might engage
To quickly read the mystic page,
For he had come from lands afar,
And pledged his spirit for the war.
He soon to them the legend told :
That flag was from the land of gold ;
In that white field, to them he said,
Was purity of purpose read ;
An emblem in the pine was seen
Of friendly memories evergreen ;
The monster, peaceful in his strength,
Reposing on the ground at length,
Might say : " The foes who wake my ire
In my embrace will soon expire ;"
There friendship, truth, and strength unite
Their virtues in the field of white :
And in the silver border 'round it,
The word, " Eureka," I have found it.

XXXIII.

Strange was the flag, still stranger seem'd
The small white hand in which it gleam'd :
And much they marveled, one so fair
And young, their battle-flag should bear :
For all among the stranger band
Wore sunburnt face and roughen'd hand,
All, save the youthful standard-bearer ;
Nor lady's cheek than his was fairer,
Save where the sun in summer days,
Had kiss'd the cheek with ardent rays,
And mingled with the lily-blows
The blushing hue of blooming rose ;
There, rose and lily shaded down
To softest tint of lovely brown,
Were sleeping with their beauties blended
Just where the dark-brown tresses ended ;
The open brow and clear brown eye,
Show'd lofty soul and purpose high :
Yet still, a something flash'd and play'd
Around his visage, which betray'd
The secret he had hoped to keep
Long in his bosom buried deep.
But tell-tale blushes come and go,
And faster runs the ebb and flow

Of life's warm current through his veins,
As at the word each horseman reins
In sudden halt his tired steed.
Then from the ranks rode SEWELL REED,
And bade his standard-bearer ride,
And bear their banner by his side,
And tender to the chiefs who wait,
An off'ring from the Golden State.
Brave SEWELL saw the varying streak
That flushed, then faded from her cheek.
He said : " Be firm, that none may know
A woman's heart beats soft below
That warlike dress ; we'll soon meet eyes
I fear thy secret will surprise."

XXXIV.

At touch of spur their coursers bound,
And lightly clear the open ground
That intervenes between their band
And where the group of generals stand.
Then REED his own credentials gave,
As leader of the Hundred brave,
And begg'd the chiefs enroll his band
Amongst the warriors of the land.
" I know," he said, " my troop is small,
The Golden State received no call

For volunteers. We once had hope
 That from the far Pacific's slope
 Our country's need would call us forth
 To join the legions of the North ;
 Our hardy yeomen heard with pride,
 From your far eastern border side :
 The quick response of warlike men
 Roll over valley, hill, and glen—
 From blooming youth to silver years,
 They came—the nation's volunteers.
 Throughout the land, from loyal States,
 Came heroes as war delegates :
 While brave men of the golden west
 In peaceful idleness may rest.
 We waited long, for many a day,
 Hoping a call to join the fray ;
 But days and months roll'd swiftly by
 While our fond hopes were left to die,
 Or slumber by Pacific's wave,
 Filling, at last, a nameless grave.

X X X V .

“ We prayed the nation's magistrate
 To gather, from the Golden State
 Her quota ; that her sons might claim
 A place upon the roll of fame.

We did not wish, in after years,
When peace smil'd through her bloody tears,
To see our children hang the head
And in their downcast looks be read,
No sire of mine for freedom bled ;
Or meeting, on some foreign strand,
A warrior, from your eastern land,
Who shows the scars of many a fight,
Beneath his locks of silver white ;
Or have him turn and ask us where
Our battle-flag waved in the air
On such a day as he would name,
When rebel legions hotly came,
Rolling with them a bloody tide
Along Virginia's border side ;
And justly proud to hear him say :
'I bore our battle-flag that day—
Thank God, I was the favored one,
The first to cross the bloody run,
With twenty thousand at my back ;
We rode upon the gory track
From early morn till set of sun,
Ere we the bloody field had won—
Planted our flag, or stack'd our arms,
Triumphant on the field of palms.
Or ask us who our banner bore,

Throughout the vale of Shenandoah,
 While thousands of our heroes, slain,
 Were festering on the bloody plain ;
 While bleaching in each gloomy glen,
 Were piled the bones of Northern men.'

X X X V I.

Questions like these, we ill could brook—
 Could ill endure the altered look
 We would receive, when in reply
 We turn on him a downcast eye,
 Saying : ' We're from the Golden West :
 Those bloody days we were at rest
 In safety, in our land of gold,
 While war in crimson billows roll'd
 Around the nation's bleeding heart ;
 Yet in the strife we bore no part.
 The cost and distance was too great
 To call troops from the Golden State—
 So deem'd the rulers of the land.
 Then California raised a band
 To represent, by one in ten,
 The thousands of her warlike men.
 Arm'd and equip'd, at her own cost,
 They seem like drops in ocean lost
 Amongst the legions of your braves,

Who fill the plain like gathering waves.
Though small the troop—our numbers few,
No soul more firm nor heart more true
Ere beat beneath a soldier's vest,
Than warms those bosoms from the West.
Apart from this, upon each blade
Glory her heavy task hath laid ;
Each chosen man is here to fight,
And in war's bloody letters write
High on the glitt'ring roll of fame,
His own and California's name—
Encircled by a halo bright,
The names of those who fall in fight,
Will roll from history's shining page
A glory o'er the coming age.'

XXXVII.

"I now to you a tender make—
I pray you will acceptance take
Of our State standard Pine and Bear,
And her brave Hundred waiting there."
He ceased, then pointed with his hand
To where in waiting stood the band ;
Then beckon'd nearer to his side
The youth who bore his flag, to ride.
His ungloved hand the chieftain gave

To him who led the Hundred brave ;
Then bade him hearty welcome claim—
His State was known to him and fame.
Warriors in plenty were enroll'd,
He said ; yet armies must have gold,
To place them on war's footing strong
And roll their pond'rous wheels along.
He thank'd the State whose open hand,
Had shower'd her treasures o'er the land ;
She, when war's sinews were relax'd
In States with heavy burdens tax'd,
Had ever roll'd her golden store
To us upon the Eastern shore.
He, smiling, said : " The sinewy test
Of strength in war, came from the West ;"
Our gold had often nerv'd their arms,
In battling in the land of palms—
Well pleas'd was he to see unite
The Bear-flag with his own in fight.

XXXVIII.

The weary steeds are resting now,
With slacken'd rein on saddle-bow ;
The drooping head and steaming side
Bear witness of the day's long ride.
The riders, dust and foam bedeck'd,

Still in their saddles sit erect ;
Their eagle glance and bearing bold
Match'd well their dress of green and gold.
Green velvet caps the warriors wore,
Whose front an eagle's plumage bore ;
Encircl'd by a golden band,
In which, in silver letters, stand
The word "Eureka," underneath ;
"One Hundred," in a laurel wreath.
They waited with impatience strong—
They deem'd their leader tarried long
In converse with the nation's chief—
A sign soon came to their relief.
Their leader's sword, with single glance,
Gave signal for the troops' advance ;
Its flash was scarcely o'er them flung,
Ere hoof, and spur, and saber rung.
With forward bound the troop replied,
Then halted by their captain's side ;
Proudly they look'd, drawn up in line,
Though toil and dust had dimm'd the shine
Of their rich uniforms of green—
Dark stains upon the lace was seen,
Whose fretted edge of burnish'd gold
Once brightly back the sunlight roll'd.
The army's chieftain gave no heed

To soil, nor stain, nor dusty steed ;
But view'd, with warrior's practic'd eye,
Each soldier as he pass'd him by.
Well pleas'd, he mark'd each warrior's
 strength,
Noted each heavy saber's length ;
The well-turn'd limb and heavy chest,
And foot firm in the stirrup press'd ;
The head well set on shoulders square,
And piercing eyes, whose steady glare
Show'd iron will and purpose strong,
And soul well train'd for 'durance long.

X X X I X.

The chieftain reign'd his snowy steed
Beside the horse of SEWELL REED,—
There thank'd him for his Hundred men ;
Then bade them, in a lovely glen,
To pitch their tents near by his own.
He said, when early morning shown,
He'd place them in the vet'ran corps
That guards the vale of Shenandoah.
Then in a low and altered tone,
With queer glance from his bright eye
 thrown,
The chieftain questioned SEWELL REED,

Of him who rode the sable steed ;
Who proudly wav'd the silken Bear,
And sat his horse so stately there.
“ Curious,” he said, “ it seem'd, and strange
That one so young and fair, should range
From sweet home in some quiet glen,
And roam amongst those warlike men ;
Yet stranger still that form so slight,
Should bear their banner in the fight.
But for his dress and martial mien,
And war-fire in his brown eye seen,
I'd risk the honor of my blade,
Thy standard-bearer is a maid.
'Tis acted well, her bearing bold,
I honor much her purpose high ;
But beauty hath her secret told,
Giving her warlike dress the lie.
It shows deep feeling for our cause,
When from the fire-side it draws
A lovely woman, in disguise,
To fight where our brave banner flies.
Our arms must win when maid or wife,
Thus to her country gives her life ;
And victory round our standard play,
Crowning each hero's brow with bay.

XL.

“ But friend, this sweet domestic flower
Would fade in warrior’s bloody bow’r ;
Her gentle heart I fear would fail,
Where death rides on the sulphurous gale.
Her ear attuned to loving tone,
Could ill endure the dying groan
Of anguish deep and madd’ning cry,
That rise from thousands as they die.
Or could’st thou be a man again,
If, crossing o’er the bloody plain,
Where some fierce battle had been fought
And victory full dearly bought—
If thou should’st see thy blossom lay
Lifeless, beside the gory way ;
Her brown hair trampled in the dust,
Her bosom torn by saber thrust ;—
Dost think in life thou e’er again,
Could music hear in warbled strain,
Or golden sunlight ever roll
The dark clouds from thy heavy soul ?
Believe me, mem’ry’s steady strain
Would burst the network of the brain.
Nearby there is a lovely spot,”
He said ; “ a farmer’s humble cot,

Embower'd 'mongst the waving pines,
And well protected by our lines.
There thou can'st place thy lovely ward
In safety ; there a heavy guard
Will hold the post, and long remain,
As key that locks the open plain."

X L I.

REED, bowing graceful, thank'd his chief,
Who kindly came to his relief ;
Called to his side the sable steed,
And there presented Mrs. REED.
He would accept, he said, with pride,
A shelter for his youthful bride ;
Accounting for her presence there,
And why she would his peril share.
He said, on their great seal of State,
A warlike female figure sate—
She represented on the field
Minerva, with a golden shield ;
She now, as " California," gave
The Bear-flag in his ranks to wave.
All was arranged—they parted then,
Each to his quarters, with their men.
While ev'ning's dusky shadows fell
O'er wood, and plain, and lowly dell ;

The silence o'er the tented ground
Was only broken by the cry
Of sentry, in his watchful round,
Telling the hours are rolling by.
Or owlet startling with his scream,
Some soldier, from a pleasant dream
Of home, and dear ones left behind,
In visions flit before his mind.
Sleep on, dream on, never again
Shall flash across thy waking brain
The living forms, whose phantoms creep
Around thy pillow while asleep.
They are but phantoms, which will fade
Like frost-work, when the sun has made
His toilet, in the eastern sky,
And turns on them his melting eye.

X L I I .

Dream on, in dreams the future lies
Unclouded as the summer skies ;
While Hope upon her rainbow-wings
The laurel wreath to victor brings :
While down the stream of time his name
Is floating with undying fame.
Alas ! for many glory's beams
Break o'er them only in their dreams.

'Tis well we may not look before,
Nor view the Future's shadowy shore ;
Nor gaze upon the mighty tide,
Whose depths our coming sorrows hide.
We see them not, yet still and deep,
And with a steady onward sweep
The future's ocean-billows flow,
Full freighted, with our weal or woe.
Fate rides upon each rolling wave
So sure and silent as the grave :
Until, from out their depths sublime,
They break upon the shores of Time.
'Tis well we may not cast our glance,
Along Life's pathway, in advance,
Nor see the thorn beneath the rose,
Nor stings among the thistle blows ;
Nor see where Poison, sleeping lies,
Among the poppy's scarlet dyes.
Along the future's unknown stream
Hope ever throws her rosy beam,
Whose golden glories serve to hide,
The treacherous rocks beneath the tide.

XLIII.

In Life's flood-tide to fav'ring gales
Mankind hath ever trimm'd their sails ;

Their bark glides smoothly on awhile,
Till wreck'd on Love or Friendship's isle—
Or on Ambition's stormy coast,
The treasures of a life are lost.
Could Mankind, with prophetic eye,
Pierce the dim Future's dusky sky,
And read upon the fatal scroll,
The limit of each daring soul,
Potomac's host would restless lie,
And sleep forsake each soldier's eye.
'Tis well life is not what it seems,
Our greatest pleasures are but dreams,
Which dance before our eager eyes,
Fading before we grasp the prize.
Sleep on, my heroes, sleep and dream :
To-morrow's rosy morning beam
Will be the last that e'er will roll,
O'er that vast army, as a whole.
Before another morn shall rise
A heavy sleep will close the eyes
Of thousands, on a bloody plain,
Who never will awake again ;
Never awake to mortal eyes,
They may beyond the azure skies.
Farewell ; my Muse no longer sings,
Awhile she folds her weary wings,

While War's rude billows roll along
 They drown the music of her song ;
 And all too feeble is her strain,
 To track upon each bloody plain,
 So vast a host or sing their praise.
 Her light would fade beside the blaze
 Of glory in each vict'ry won,
 Like rush-light in the midday sun,
 The leaves it for some abler hand,
 So roll their glory o'er the land.
 She tunes her feeble notes again
 For " California's Hundred " men.

THE BATTLE.

XLIV.

SWEET syren of the azure eye
 Come plume again thy dapple wing,
 And o'er the fields of carnage fly
 Then strike thy harp and boldly sing :
 Long hast thou tarried in the land of dreams,
 Rolling thy song amongst the fairy bow'rs
 That line the banks of mem'ry-haunt'd
 streams,
 Where dwell the phantoms of our van-
 ish'd hours.

From Fancy's unreal world return once
more,

While War's red beacon lights the land
with flame.

Strike thy wild lyre, and o'er the Hundred
pour,

In melody, their deeds of deathless fame.

We left the Hundred sleeping, where
The wild fox makes his nightly lair,
Where mountain-cat, with stealthy creep,
Steals 'round their quarters while asleep.

Where, often in his leafy bed,
Is heard the rustling copperhead ;
While high above, in watchful rest,
The eagle sits upon her nest.

In these the warriors have no foes,
To break upon their night's repose :

When unattack'd, gentle and mild
Are Nature's tenants of the wild.

'Tis man alone would basely creep
And stab his fellow while asleep.

The worst to fear in Nature's plan
Is man's duplicity to man.

XLV.

I have no power nor strength of song
To trace the path where roll'd along
Potomac's army in its pride,
Like some vast overwhelming tide ;
Whose barrier can no longer chain
The waters in their own domain.
It swept along Potomac's shore,
As typhoon sweeps the ocean o'er.
And ever on the bloody tide
Foremost the gallant Hundred ride.
Or, as the dread Sirocco's breath
Drives o'er the desert, spreading death
And desolation o'er each band
Of pilgrims, in that burning land ;
Where none are spar'd, save those who flee,
And find upon the sandy sea
An oasis, whose dark-green shore
May stay the burning billows' roar.
Thus roll'd the Northern host along,
Their pond'rous columns, deep and strong,
Plow'd o'er the plain and through the vale,
Leaving behind a desert trail.

XLVI.

Yet, ever in this waste around,
An oasis the foe had found,
A refuge and a pardon both,
To those who took repentant oath.
While many a traitor made a sham
Of loyalty to Abraham ;
Watching like vipers in their nest
Secure to Abraham's bos'm press'd,
They o'er the land their falsehood fling,
Waiting some other chance to sting.
And ever o'er the fiery tide
Of war, there, side by side,
With Freedom's banner is unroll'd,
The standard from the land of gold—
The Bear Flag with its pine-tree waves,
An evergreen among the graves ;
And many a foe hath run his race,
When lock'd in bruin's fond embrace.
And ever on each gory plain,
Which mark'd the army's long campaign,
Where slaughter'd warriors thickest lie,
Where vultures thickest cloud the sky,
Sweeping in circles o'er and o'er,
Their sharp beaks dripping wet with gore,

Scarce waiting for the deadly fray
To cease, ere they had seized their prey.
Where desperate strife had fiercest been
There charg'd the gallant Hundred men.
Nor did their strong endurance fail
When unseen foes ride on the gale.
And with the steady burning sweep
Of fever through their vitals creep,
With silent pestilential step'd,
Stealing their life-blood while they slept.

XLVII.

Unmurmuring they fac'd it all,
The charging steel, or shell, or ball ;
And, when their battle-cry arose,
"Eureka," charge, among the foes,
A deadly terror seem'd to play,
Melting their serried ranks away.
The King of Terrors met their gaze
In ev'ry shape, or form, or phase.
He rode upon the bustling shell :
They found him where the round shot fell ;
They heard him in exploding mine,
In bayonet gleam they saw him shine ;
They saw him come with saber's flash,
Driving out souls through many a gash ;

He play'd among the deadly dew,
Which soak'd their tatter'd garments
 through.

He lurk'd among the cozy fen,
He hid in ambush in the glen,
And cover'd with the thin disguise
Of fever ; sought them to surprise.
The Hundred still serenely rode,
Along the pathway death had trode.
Often to them he came so near
They heard his whisper in their ear ;
And felt his breath upon their cheek,
Leaving a pale or hectic streak.
They had with him familiar grown,
His loss had left them quite alone.
Yet never came the Hundred near
That shad'wy craven known as Fear.

XLVIII.

My muse returns to greet them now,
Encamp'd near Blue Ridge's lofty brow.
Daylight is fading from the west,
The wild-bird seeks her woodland nest,
And silence reigns o'er wood and hill,
Broken alone by whippowil.
Who trills his melancholy lay

In sorrow for the parting day.
But ere the night her mantle threw
Heavy and damp with falling dew,
Over the landscape's lovely scene,
Turning to black the forest green,
A weary troop of horsemen ride
Within the forest shades to hide
From watchful eye of wary foe.
Their camp-fire in its evening glow,
The chosen place to make their camp,
Was high above the valley's damp,
Within the margin of the wood,
Where lofty pine-trees thickly stood,
While underneath their boughs of green
The brush-wood thickly grew between.
In front an open valley lay,
Behind were rocks of iron gray,
Whose frowning heads appear to rise
And kiss the over-hanging skies.
While far away on either hand,
For miles, extend the timber-land.

XLIX.

The tents are pitch'd, the rude bed made,
The horses tied beneath the shade,
Whose length of tether keeps them bound,

Yet leaves them scope to feed around.
The camp-fire burns with cheerful glow,
Yet scarcely strong enough to throw
Its beams the tangl'd forest through,
So closely there the brush-wood grew.
The frugal meal was quickly made,
Short time around the fire they staid ;
For Sleep her heavy fingers press'd
On drooping eye-lids seeking rest ;
But, ere they sought their night's repose,
They made themselves secure from foes,
By trusty sentries posted where
The view o'erlooks the valley fair.
They were inclos'd on ev'ry side
By Nature's breastworks, high and wide.
No foe to them could access gain,
Save where the pathway sought the plain.
Weary were they and soon asleep,
While sentries faithful vigil keep.

L.

Along a rough and weary way
The tired Hundred rode that day ;
O'er bog, through bush, and tangled brier,
Ofttimes to saddle-girth in mire,
Then cleans'd their horses' muddy sides

Again, by fording mountain tides.
From earliest dawn of breaking day,
They shunn'd per force the open way.
Sought through the forest's deepest shade
A pathway free from ambushade ;
For renegades, the day before,
Came into camp, and tidings bore,
Of rebel legions gathering strong,
With batteries mask'd and hid, along
The open road that pierces through
The forest towards the ridge of blue.
While through the woods on either hand,
Acting as scouts, was Mosby's band.
Mosby, the dread guerilla chief,
Assassin, outlaw, murderer, thief,
Was with four hundred desperate men,
Turning his footsteps North again.
This was the news deserters brought,
Who late within our lines had sought,
A refuge from the assassin knives
Of Mosby and his murd'rous crew,
For they had forfeited their lives
In the last raid : they boldly threw
Their forms across their leader's path,
To check him in his murd'rous wrath.

L I.

Blood had they seen like rivers flow,
But then it ran where, blow for blow,
Was given by men in deadly strife,
Who battled manfully for life.
This hell-hound of the viper's nest,
Within whose ranks they had been press'd,
Had ne'er, they said, met open foe,
He would with tortuous windings go
Far off the plain and open way,
Seeking, where quiet hamlets lay,
New victims for his murd'rous blade,
Making on them his midnight raid.
He oft his villain hand would steep
In blood of innocence asleep ;
And when arose the frantic prayer
Of mothers, in their wild despair,
Begging the mocking fiend to save
Their children from a bloody grave,
Hell's wild delight shone in his eye—
He dash'd them in the flames to die.
'Twas such a scene as they had told,
That nerv'd their hearts and made them bold.
And secretly some few had sworn
To steep their blades in Mosby's gore.

Their purpose was not long delayed—
Mosby had borne away a maid,
From her sweet home in Maryland,
Slaughter'd her sire with ruthless hand—
Applied the torch, lighted the fire,
Which made her kindred's fun'ral pyre.

LII.

He kept her fetter'd by his side,
Yet all untam'd : her Northern pride
His threat, or mercy, both defied.
Desperate at last his knife he drew,
And pointed with the shining blade
To where a drop of pearly dew
Was on a woodland blossom laid.
With his left hand he rudely tore
Her bosom screen, then deeply swore :
“ By hell and all the fiends I serve,
I will not from my purpose swerve.
Living or dead thou shalt be mine,
I give thee till the quiv'ring shine
Hath vanished from yon drop of dew—
Defy me then, I'll pierce thee through ;
I'll teach thee, maid, this knife shall find
An outlet for thy haughty mind.”
Defiance still her dark eye flung,

She deign'd no answer with her tongue.
Above her head the weapon flash'd,
Then they their forms between them dash'd ;
Rescued the maid from murd'rous knife,
Then turn'd their blades to take his life.
Alas ! that their attack should fail—
They only hacked his shirt of mail.
He laugh'd their futile rage to scorn,
Sounded a blast upon his horn,
Which call'd from out the neighb'ring glen
A portion of his desp'rate men.
They knew their fate—to turn and flee,
Or hang upon the nearest tree.
'Twas truth, they said, and stoutly swore
To hang, if they false tidings bore.

LIII.

To learn if this were false or true,
The Hundred from their corps were drawn ;
Order'd to scour the forest through,
And learn where Mosby's men were gone.
Then careful reconnoissance make,
With utmost caution measures take
To ascertain the rebel strength—
Where lay their lines, their breadth and length
In pursuit of this desp'rate game,

The Hundred near the Blue Ridge came.
No foe to them as yet appears,
No hostile sound salute their ears,
A heavy stillness dwelt around
Within the forest depth profound.
It seemed like Silence gone to sleep
Upon the bosom of the Deep.
And there the tall trees ever made
Over the ground a somber shade ;
And sunlight on the summer days,
But faintly lighted up the haze.
At length the sun's descending rays
Upon a valley's bosom plays,
And freer breath the Hundred drew,
As open landscape met their view ;
And there upon the brown hill side
They made their camp at even tide,
And slept, as I before have told,
While darkness o'er the landscape roll'd.

L I V .

The lark sang sweetly in the sky,
He trill'd his wild note loud and high,
Shook from his wing the morning dew,
Then blithely o'er the landscape flew.
The eagle plum'd his wing of gray,

And from his eyrie soar'd away ;
Leaving behind the slumb'ring earth,
He watched the rosy morning's birth.
A high point in the heav'ns he won,
Then turned his bright eye on the sun,
Drying his plumage in the rays
That earliest o'er the mountains blaze,
While lesser birds with humble strain,
Awake the echo's wild refrain.
Each warbler pour'd his matin hymn
As Night roll'd back her shadows dim ;
And music from the wild birds drawn,
Loaded the balmy breath of morn.

L V .

The morning sun his radiance shed,
But faintly o'er the Hundred's bed ;
And feeble were the rays, and few,
So thickly there the brush-wood grew.
The weary warriors might have slept
Till high in heaven the sun had swept
His glories through the arching skies,
Ere burning ray would them surprise,
Or sunlight, with a hand of gold,
Had slumber from their eye-lids rolled ;
But now is heard the hurr'ing tread

Of sentry round each warrior's bed,
Arousing them with sudden shake,
The Hundred instantly awake,
Spring to their feet with sudden bound,
Full dress'd and arm'd they gaze around ;
Yet silent all—no sound awoke
The stillness till their leader spoke.

LVI.

Then REED, with slow and stately pace,
Advanced to where an open space
Amongst the under-brush was made,
The pathway where the valley laid.
Then turning, pointed with his hand
Where hill-side met the bottom land,
And said : " My heroes, turn your eyes,
And see where Mosby's banner flies.
Shout not, I feel your wild delight ;
I know you'r eager for the fight."
But our instructions were, to view
The number of the rebel crew.
Nor in engagement hazard aught
Of information we have sought ;
But Mosby's scouts have tracked us here
As blood-hound tracks the forest deer.
They must have watched us yesterday

As wild-cat tracks the traveler's way—
Hoping when sleep had sealed our eyes,
Their gang might take us by surprise ;
But when we up the mountain toil'd
And pitch'd our tents, their game was foil'd.

LVII.

“ We sēem entangled in a net,
The fiends anew their toils have set ;
They hold us in our camp at bay,
Four times our numbers bar the way ;
Uneven ground lies in our course,
We cannot urge on them our horse ;
We must on foot our sabers wield,
Using our horse-flesh for a shield.
The brave in battle often fly,
When safe retreats behind them lie,
Or when the odds are 'gainst them cast,
Endurance cannot always last.
'Tis often wise and most discreet,
To shun the foe by safe retreat ;
Saving our men till brighter day
Shall dawn on some more equal fray :
For us, my men, there's no retreat,
We must four times our numbers meet.
We have no choice ; we'll fight and die ;

You see their black flag waving high
Its skull and cross-bones in the air—
We may expect no quarter there.
We ask it not : better to fall,
Cover'd by Glory's bloody pall—
In open field to die like men,
Than be here slaughter'd in a pen.

LVIII.

“ We wait not here for their attack,
We'll hew through them a bloody track ;
And if they close in on our rear,
The move shall cost the villains dear.
We'll form ourselves in hollow square,
Showing a bold front everywhere ;
Then, back to back, we'll stem the tide,
Cutting our bloody pathway wide.
Our only outlet from the glen
Lies through the heart of Mosby's men ;
The Hundred will that pathway tread,
Though it were chok'd by half their dead.

We'll teach them where the Bear flag flies
There's no surrender nor surprise—

There ev'ry soldier wins or dies.

Bold is the hunter's heart who dare
Attack the lion in his lair ;

The spearman sends his hound before,
Ere risking fight with forest boar ;
 The stag at bay, with mad'ning cry,
 Will toss the dog from antler high,
 Ere he give up the chase and die :
But woe to hardy fool who dare
Risk the embrace of grizzly bear ;
We'll make those murd'ers curse the day
They found our Hundred men at bay."

LIX.

As died the last word on his tongue,
Sounding a charge, the bugles rung ;
Then down the mountain's rugged side
The Hundred pour'd, a living tide.
Their long swords flashing in the sun,
Each o'er his shoulder slung his gun ;
While small arms, like a fiery zone,
Around each belted warrior shone.
"Eureka, charge !" their leader cries,
With answ'ring shout the band replies :
"Strike for the land where sunshine dwells
Forever in her flowery dells ;
Strike for the home where Beauty sleeps,
And widowhood her vigil keeps,
Praying the live-long weary night

For her last hope that's in the fight.
Strike, and avenge with gory hand
The vile deeds of yon murd'rous band."

L X.

I will not say the rosy glow,
The youthful hue, and steady flow
Of blood ran through the Hundred now,
As they roll'd down the mountain-brow :
The firm-set teeth and glaring eye,
The veins and muscles swelling high,
Spoke not of fear : a different tale
Was read within the shadow pale,
Which swept across each manly cheek,
Driving away the crimson streak.
'Twas long delay'd, and deadly hate,
Whose shadow on each visage sate,
Showing with pale and steady glow,
The burning flood that roll'd below.
Red is the beam that ever plays
Within the light fantastic blaze ;
And rosy is our household fire,
Which soon in ashes will expire.
But fiercest fire that ever flow'd,
Or sparkl'd when the furnace glow'd,
Is molten iron's stream of light

Rais'd to a heat of pearly white.
 The rising blood will flash and play,
 And soon in battle die away ;
 But pale rage, with its withering blast,
 Fights ever onward to the last.

L X I .

As lightnings from the summer heaven
 Descend from clouds by thunder riven,
 Urging their force with deadly shock
 Against the bosom of a rock—
 Thus sweeping from the mountain hight,
 The Hundred dash'd them in the fight.
 The rebel host receive the charge,
 Give way, and make an opening large,
 Through which the gallant Hundred go,
 While in the rear close up the foe.
 Then Mosby blew a bugle sound,
 And suddenly upon the ground
 Appeared a troop of rebel horse,
 Drawn up the Hundred's path across.
 This troop had lain in ambuscade,
 Where abrupt turn the pathway made ;
 Amongst the bush, concealed from view,
 They hid till Mosby's signal blew.
 Their orders were, to bar the way,

Holding the Hundred there at bay,
While Mosby held his forces near,
Leading the onslaught on their rear.
Hemm'd in, beset on every side,
Fiercely around the rebels ride.
Charge and recoil, and charge again,
They urge their wild horse all in vain ;
Against the Hundred's wall of steel
The solid column will not reel,
Nor shiver in the deadly shock,
They roll'd the dead waves as the rock
Rolls back the billow in its pride,
When dash'd against its granite side.

L X I I .

Still on, with slow and steady tread,
The Hundred moved. Their horses led
Within the square ; well train'd were they,
To rider's slightest word obey.
Wild was the rage of Mosby's crew,
At each repulse again they threw
Their charging squadrons on the foe,
And ever down their front ranks go ;
Their frighten'd horses ever wheel,
And turn them from th' opposing steel ;
While slow, but surely, through the fray

The Hundred plough'd its bloody way,
Until, emerging from the wood,
Upon the open plain they stood.
The high road here before them lay,
But still the rebels barr'd the way.
The Hundred halted here awhile,
Arranged their ranks, in open file ;
Each soldier's hand was on his steed,
Waiting the charge from SEWELL REED,
Who, turning, wav'd his bloody brand ;
His heroes marked his last command—
“Mount! cleave the rebel ranks in twain!
Then urge your horses o'er the plain ;
Our forces line the other side—
Those woods, you see, their columns hide.”
As died the last word on his tongue,
His knell a rebel rifle rung ;
His manly form rolled on the plain,
The ball went crushing through his brain.

LXIII.

A momentary panic fell
Over the Hundred, like a spell.
The wily Mosby saw the deed,
He marked the fall of SEWELL REED.
And argued now, their leader lost,

The weary band, by panic tost,
Would fall to him an easy prey,
He shouted to renew the fray.
The rallying shout that Mosby gave
Sent many a rebel to his grave ;
It woke the Hundred from their trance,
The panic fled like lightning glance.
They bound the corse of SEWELL REED
Firmly upon his sable steed ;
And, carrying out his last command,
They charg'd right through the rebel band.
Then desp'rate roll'd the tide of war,
Death fiercely gorged his bloody maw ;
 Their banner sunk and rose.
At times the black flag waved on high,
When 'rose the wild guerrilla cry—
 “ No quarter to our foes.”
Then California Bear Flag shone,
Encircled by a bloody zone,
While on the air the Hundred's tone
 A bold defiance flung.
Such desp'rate warefare could not last,
The rebel ranks are thinning fast—
Sounding retreat, a single blast
 On Mosby's bugle rung.
Fierce had the battle been all day,

And scores of dead men chok'd the way ;
But furious was the deadly fray

Around where SEWELL fell.

For fiercely on that bloody morn,
Mosby, a fearful oath had sworn,
That REED should in his ranks be borne,
To grace his triumph well.

But vain and empty was the boast !
In reckoning, he left out his host ;
He in the fight had suffer'd most—

One-half his men were slain.

And glad was he to sound retreat,
And burning furious with defeat,
The rebels turn their flying feet,
And gallop'd off the plain.

They left their wounded men and fled,
And where our heroes fought and bled,
Around them piles of rebel dead

Were fest'ring in the sun.

'Gainst fearful odds throughout the day,
Doubtful and deadly was the fray ;
But now the blaze of glory's ray
Shines o'er the field they won.

L X I V .

With swelling heart and mournful tread,
The shatter'd band bear off their dead ;
Solemn the cortege moved, and slow,
While music roll'd its notes of woe.
They onward held their lonely way
To where the Union pickets lay ;
Then laid their burdens down to rest,
Forever, on the green hill's breast :
The fallen heroes' beds were made
Beneath a giant pine-tree's shade.
Their comrades fire a farewell shot,
They raise no cross to mark the spot ;
But high upon the pine-tree's trunk,
And deep within its wood, they sunk
The word "Eureka," with the number
Of those who underneath now slumber.
They carved upon the pine-tree's side
The when and where those heroes died ;
They placed above the lonely grave
The last sad tribute to the brave :
Which saddest thought to mem'ry brings
A ruin'd harp with broken strings.
All slept within one common grave—
All save their leader,—him they gave

To trusty messenger, to bear
 His dear remains far Northward, where
 His lone dove sung her mournful lay,
 Watching the weary hours away.

L X V .

Farewell, the last chord of my harp is
 broken ;

Adieu the Hundred—here or in the skies !
 My heart is full of sorrow, all unspoken,
 And memory's misty vapors cloud my
 eyes.

Farewell, brave hearts ! mine humble song
 is ended :

'Tis very sad to say a long goodbye ;
 My feeble strain but half your virtues
 blended

With glorious deeds, whose fame can
 never die.

Some stronger lyre than mine will tell the
 story,

In glowing song recount each gallant
 deed ;

And coming time will shed a golden glory
 Around the mem'ry of SEWELL REED.

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